

The CONVICT COUNTRY

or FIGHTING for a MILLION

BY CHARLES MORRIS BUTLER

Author of "The Revenge of Pierre," "A Tenement Tragedy," "Hills," etc.

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CHAPTER IX.—Continued.

"Your chief is out of danger," finally said the doctor, turning to Pearson and Sharkey. "With proper care he will be able to be moved on a stretcher in two or three days."

"Your duty is done then, doctor," replied Pearson, who seemed to be the leader, now that the captain was disabled. "Now, in the matter of your joining our band; which would you prefer; to depart or to continue with us?"

"I am willing to join you, providing—" began the doctor.

"Providing we will guarantee you protection, an ample salary, and a chance at some future time to obtain revenge upon a certain doctor whom you have a grudge against, is that it?" interrupted Pearson.

"That is it," said Schiller.

"Are you willing to take the oath of allegiance to our cause?"

"I am."

"Tis well."

Evidently they had prepared for such a ceremony as that which followed, for they escorted the doctor into yet another room leading off from the one they were in. Here were fully as many horses stabled as there were men accommodated in the other room. In one corner was a pile of brush and decayed corn stalks.

"You will now repeat after me the oath that binds us together, bearing this in mind, that our promises to you will be fulfilled only after you have proved yourself worthy of it!"

"I do solemnly swear," said Pearson.

"I do solemnly swear," repeated the doctor in a firm voice.

"That I will not betray any of the secret signs, haunts, modes of gaining a livelihood, the character of a brother, to anyone who is not entitled to know them; nor will I let any one else betray any of the secrets, if in my power to prevent, even if I have to

most beautiful, refined and simple such as are all good girls brought forth by pure parents. Her heart and hand had been sought for by many, but she was fancy free and heart whole as yet. Thus far in life her path had been strewn with flowers and the thorns had been carefully hidden from sight. A vision of beauty and grace, and sweet as she was beautiful.

Having introduced the main personages of our story, we shall now take the liberty of inserting a chapter taken from the Plankinton Plaindealer of Friday, June 7th:

"Dr. Huntington, the well known practitioner and genial leader of a society and his daughter, the beautiful Miss Pearl, have very mysteriously disappeared from the haunts which they know them so well, as completely as if the earth had opened and swallowed them. The facts of the case are these as near as we can learn:

"At 7:30 o'clock last evening, the doctor was engaged with his patient in his office, when the door bell rang violently.

"Mrs. Huntington answered the summons. The caller is described by her as a man of medium build and height, wearing a heavy beard and mustache. He said he wished to see Dr. Huntington immediately. 'A man has been nearly killed through a railroad accident, and the doctor must come right away!'"

"The wife informed Dr. Huntington and the visitor was admitted to the doctor's presence. Dr. Huntington hastily secured his medicine and instrument cases, a roll of cotton bandaging, some linen, and prepared bandages and left the office with the man, bidding his patients good-bye for the day. In front of the door stood a bay horse hitched to an open wagon. The stranger got in first and held out his hand for the cases.

"Just then Thaddeus Whalen, of

C. C. Mack, the Jeweler.

H. C. Holmes is in town.

Mrs. Clement Reading is at Dev.

D. B. Ovalett of Alden was in town Wednesday.

Hammocks and Camp Chairs at

Whittingtons.

Mrs. W. H. Marshall was in our first of the week.

Mrs. J. N. Roy of Sutton's Bar here guest of friends.

Clyde Wylie and family moved

Deward, Wednesday.

W. S. Carr and family Sunday

at home of Sup'r Jacob Graff.

Fred Gilbert was home over Sun

from work on Bellaire Court House

Miss Aggie Thurbill of Beaver,

guest of Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Stro-

We Guarantee our Butter to be

and made in a clean Sanitary Factory

East Jordan Creamery

Mrs. Albert Carlyle and children

turned Tuesday from a visit to

Charlevoix friends.

Excursion over the D. & C. and

C. Ry's on August 3rd to Niagara

and Alexander Bay.

Mrs. Alonzo Bissett and daughter

Audrey returned Monday from a

visit with relatives in Big Rapids.

Mr. and Mrs. H. Weikel entertain

their daughter, Mrs. Frank Ramsdell

of Central Lake, first of the week.

The home of L. A. Hoyt has been

nicely improved the past few weeks

with alterations, additions and fresh

paint.

Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Haire are entertain-

ing Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Methan,

son Robert, and Miss McBurney,

Lima, Ohio.

Miss Jessie Supernaw, who has been

guest of her sister Mrs. W. L. Freese

the past fortnight, has returned to her

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Have Quaint Celebration

(Special Correspondence.)

American visitors to England this summer had an opportunity of witnessing something worth going far to see, the commemoration by Sherborne, one of the quaintest and most picturesque of West Country towns, of its 1200th birthday.

Instead of feasting, oratory and fireworks, or any of the other varieties of civic celebration which mushroom cities have made so wearisomely familiar, Sherborne had a show worthy of its great age and glorious memories. It took the form of a spectacular folk play or pageant in which the most noteworthy events that have taken place in the old gray town were reenacted.

It was given in the open air amid the ruins of old Sherborne castle, around which cluster so many memories of the days when Sherborne lived the strenuous life. No modern stage could provide a setting so well adapted to the performance.

In the folk play 700 of the townsfolk took part. The historical accuracy of

"It is a great glory for the house of Sherborne and for Sherborne school to have him among us," says the warrior prelate. "For his presence lifts Sherborne on high as the chief city of Wessex."

Brief comment from the chorus fills up a gap of considerably over a century and introduces the fourth episode, the date of which is 998. It graphically depicts the laxity of life into which the monastery at Sherborne, in common with other monasteries, had fallen at that time. The monks are shown drinking and feasting and having a high old time generally. Upon this scene enters Bishop Wulfsey III, and reads an ecclesiastical riot act to them, denouncing them as a "graceless brood of vipers," reminding them that "life is short and hell is near at hand," and scaring them into a penitential mood, in which they accept the rule of St. Benedict.

Time takes another jump, and William the Conqueror, full armed, stern and wrathful, stalks upon the scene and frightens the monks worse than Wulfsey did.

"By God's grace," he says, "ye shall find William the Norman hath a swift hand to seize and a strong hand to hold."

Then he goes on to declare that Sherborne is no longer a see, and the church no longer a cathedral, and the town no longer the chief city of Wessex. He transfers the bishopric to Sarum, and departs, attended by his knights on horseback and followed by the bishop, whom he compels to trudge after him afoot to his new billet.

The next episode shows Roger of Caen, the chief minister of Henry I., laying the foundations of the castle whose ruins supplied the stage on which the folk play was performed.

The episode which followed, the seventh, presents a striking contrast to those which precede it and is carried out in the Dorset dialect. It portrays a dispute between the parishioners and the monks, which starts in a controversy concerning the erection of a font in the parish church and ends with the firing of the abbey by the parish priest. During the progress of this scene Robin Hood, Maid Marian, Friar Tuck, Little John and their retinue were introduced and gave a Morris dance. It was danced to the original tune, too.

The foundation of the almshouse, still a flourishing institution in Sherborne, by Sir Humphry Stafford and others in the year 1437, forms the subject of the eighth episode.

The ninth shows the expulsion of the monks at the dissolution of the monastery by King Henry and the sale of the abbey church.

The next illustrates the refounding of the famous Sherborne school and the receipt of its charter from King Edward VI. in 1550.

The last of the episodes introduces one of the most heroic and tragic figures of English history, Sir Walter Raleigh, whose association with Sherborne is accounted not the least of its claims to distinction. It depicts his homecoming, with his wife, to the castle which had been granted him by Queen Elizabeth. Sir Walter makes some pretty and gallant speeches to his wife, which puts her in such good humor that she fills his pipe for him and leaves him to the enjoyment of the "Virginian weed," which he is supposed to have first introduced into England. Then occurs that humorous incident with which every smoker is familiar. A servant comes in, and imagining his master is on fire, sources him with a jug of ale.

The performance concluded with a final tableau emblematic of the present and past greatness of Sherborne, in which all the principal figures that

WHERE GAME IS PLENTY.

Newfoundland Declared a Paradise for the Sportsman.

L. F. Brown, the veteran angler and camper, writes in The Country Calendar:

"Brook trout and brown trout are not appreciated in Newfoundland, being far more common than are the perch and sunfish of the states. Catching them will soon surfeit the angler who casts his flies from the shore of almost any lake. Such catches are counted by the dozen—one lot of seventy-two dozen being brought aboard the train at Harbor Grace. One dozen ten-inch trout usually sell for 10 cents.

"There are 687 named lakes on the island, and 30,000 known ones, without names. The island has about 4,000 miles of seacoast, including that of bays like Bonavista, Notre Dame, Fortune, St. Mary's, Bonne, St. George, Placentia and Bay of Islands. From one to six streams of clear green water empty into each of these bays. Every stream that reaches salt water is a salmon stream. Back from all that coast are other and easily reached streams that have not even a tradition of a fishnet, rod or hook and lakes never mapped where one may camp and add to the fare wild geese and ducks, willow grouse, whose plumage turns white in winter; ptarmigan, plover and curlew. These camping places bring a unique sense of remoteness and solitude. Only one who has actually seen the wall of darkness around a camp fire in the Newfoundland jungles and over the tundras can understand the tinge of fear that sometimes becomes almost appalling in the vast solitudes."

Lincoln and Webster's Friend.

The late Hon. Charles W. Slack told the following of the Hon. Peter Harvey, the friend and biographer of Daniel Webster:

Mr. Harvey was a large man with a small voice and that compositeness of manner that many very different men possess. Above everything, he valued and prized himself upon his friendship with the "great expounder."

The first year of the war of the rebellion he went to Washington, and on his return was asked how he liked President Lincoln.

"Well," he said, "Mr. Lincoln is a very singular man. I went on to see him, and told him that I had been an intimate personal friend of Daniel Webster; that I had talked with him so much on the affairs of the country that I felt perfectly confident I could tell him exactly what Mr. Webster would advise in the present crisis, and thereupon I talked to Lincoln for two solid hours, telling him just what he should do and what he should not do; and, will you believe it, sir, when I got through all Mr. Lincoln said was, as he clasped his hand on my leg: 'Mr. Harvey, what a tremendous great calf you have got!'"—Boston Herald.

The Lost Decoy.

H. E. Buermyer, the president of the National Amateur Skating Association, was describing a banquet that he had once attended in New York.

"I found this banquet interesting," he said, "and I was one of the last to leave. In the cloakroom, as I was putting on my hat and coat, I couldn't help noticing the woebegone look on the attendant's face. The poor fellow appeared worried and sad, and every little while he sighed and muttered to himself.

"You seem disconsolate, friend," I said.

"I am disconsolate, str," said the attendant.

"What is the trouble?" said I.

"Haven't the guests tipped you well to-night?"

"The attendant answered in an excited voice:

"It's not only, sir, that they haven't tipped me, but they've taken the quarter that I put in the tray for a decoy."—Buffalo Enquirer.

Circle of Life Nearly Complete.

Stephen P. Steele, who practiced law in Pejerboro, N. H., for a generation, was employed by a Boston man, who had purchased a piece of real estate in that town, to clear the title. This necessitated the purchase of a life interest in it, owned by an old lady. This interest was converted into an annuity, figured upon the probability of her life according to the regular tables.

After this period had expired by many years the Boston man wrote Mr. Steele, through whom he had made the annual payments, asking him how much longer he thought the old woman would live. Steele replied that she was then bent nearly double with age, and in a few years he believed her extremities would meet, and then she would live forever.

Judge Sherman's Estate Renamed.

When Judge Sherman was renovating his beautiful summer home, which is built directly on the rocks at Gloucester, Mass., he thought he would like to give it a name appropriate to the location. So he wrote a letter to a friend and put "Found-on-a-Rock" across the top, to see how it would look on his stationery.

The friend he wrote to happened to be a great joker, and the Judge was astonished to receive a letter addressed to "The Hon. Judge Sherman. Found-on-a-rock. Gloucester, Mass."

Choate Needed a Starter.

Harvey Waters, an expert on patent cases, had occasion to write Rufus Choate on some important question, and when he received the reply was unable to read a word of it, so took the missive to Mr. Choate and asked him what he had written.

Mr. Choate replied: "I never knew what I have written after the ink is dry, but if you will tell me what it is about I will tell you what I have written." And he did.



On his bared breast was burned in living flesh the initials "C. C."

kill, or be killed in the defense of the same. That I will never see a worthy brother wronged, nor knowingly wrong him; that I will do everything in my power to promote the interests of my associates, to uphold and hold together my kind. That I will abide by the laws, and in every way do my best to improve the common lot of my fellows. That I will yield up my life to them, my body to molder and rot, should I fail in my duty to you! Amen! Do you so promise?"

"I promise!" was the answer.

"Then I will create you a member of the CONVICTS' CLUB. Bare your heart!"

Two of the desperadoes stepped to the doctor's side, while he feebly attempted to carry out the order, but through this ordeal he was as helpless as a child.

A red hot branding iron was brought from the stove, and before the doctor could cry out, or offer resistance, he was seized and held securely while on his bared breast was burned in the living flesh the initials "C. C."

"You are now the equal of any of us, and your life belongs to the king of the convict country!"

CHAPTER X.

Abduction of Doctor and Pearl Huntington.